

# THE Bleeding Lovers Lamentation:

OR,  
Fair Clorinda's sorrowful Complaint for the loss of her  
Unconstant Strephon. *I love I love to sleep in Love*

To the Tune of, *The Ring of Gold.*

*Licensed according to Order.*



**R**anging the silent shade  
seeking for pleasure,  
I heard a fair young Maid  
weep out of measure:  
Her curled locks she roze  
and often crying,  
Strephon whom I adore  
is from me flying.

Since by some charming Sain  
I was deluded;  
Whither in sad complaint  
I am excluded  
from all the joys of love,  
and grief I lie under.  
My sorrows so remote,  
heav'ns break in thunder.

O Strephon shall I think  
how could you leave me  
With a corrupted mind,  
the which hath grieved me,  
Return, return again  
whom I admire,  
In tormenting pain  
I shall expire.



**A**las you little know  
how I lie bleeding,  
These melting tears that flow  
for me are pleading,  
Let them some pity find,  
do not betray me;  
I am to love inclin'd,  
let me enjoy her.

In vain this moan I make,  
he will not hear me,  
Altho' my heart should break  
he'll not come near me,  
But follows the laws  
of Lovers passion,  
What have I done to cause  
this separation.

None had my heart but he  
e'er in keeping,  
This laid immediately,  
he fell a weeping,  
Her hands as white as snow,  
he wung them, crying,  
Down to the shades below,  
my soul is flying.

My last farewell I'll write  
and leave behind me,  
Since he for ruins quite  
thus hath design'd me,



When he the same shall read,  
it may offend him;  
A mournful life he'll lead,  
grief may attend him.

When he shall call to mind  
what loves he made me,  
Seeming to love inclin'd  
till he betray'd me:  
This may his Soul entice  
and cause his weeping,  
While in the silent shade  
I shall lie sleeping.

Death ease me of the smart  
which I lie under,  
And let this stubborn heart  
now break in thunder.  
Why should I live to feel  
loves flaming fire,  
Which I cannot conceal,  
let me expire.

Once more her melting eyes  
like fountains flowing  
And with relenting tears,  
said she thus going.  
Farewel thou perjur'd Swain  
who from me parted,  
Thou hast a lover slain  
being hard hearted.

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